

Responsibility

by poetanddidntknowit34

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Summary: Requested by anonymous: Can you do an imagine with the reader as Merle's daughter and her reacting to him being cuffed on the rooftop/going with the group to get him back?

Responsibility

"Son of a bitch!" Daryl yelled, jumping down off of a rock and going over to the deer that was now destroyed, thanks to the walker that had gotten there first. You followed him, frowning in frustration and readjusting the string of dead squirrels on your shoulder. The other members of the group watched silently.

"We were trackin this deer for days. Miles! Was gonna drag it back to camp and cook up some venison!" You were trying not to pout. Your dad hated it when you pouted, he said Dixons don't pout. You disagree. Uncle Daryl pouts a lot.

"Yeah, and now it's worthless." Daryl pulled both your and his arrows out of the hide of the deer. "All thanks to this filthy," He kicked the walker in the side, "Disease-bearing," Kick. "Motherless," Kick.

"Bastard!" You finish your uncle's statement and deliver a poignant kick into the decapitated head of the walker, sending it sailing off into the woods and away from you.

"Calm down." Dale said. "That's not helping anything."

"What do you know about it old man?" Daryl got up into Dale's face.

"Up yours, Dale!" You flip him off before you put your arrows back into your quiver and put the bow over your shoulder by its string. "Uncle Daryl, do you think we could just cut around this gnawed on

part here?" You gesture to the gouged-out stomach of your kill.

"I wouldn't risk it." Shane said.

You threw your head back and groaned in frustration. "Fuck. Me." You started walking back toward camp. "Fine. I guess we'll just live off squirrels for the next week." Daryl follows you and as soon as you come out of the woods and into the camp, you yell out, "Dad?"

"Merle!" Daryl calls from behind you. "Come on out. We got squirrels to stew up."

"Dad!" You call again.

"Daryl. Y/N." Shane said as he followed you through camp. "Slow up for a second, I wanna talk to you about something."

"'Bout what?" Daryl stopped walking, and grabbed your arm to get you to stop, too.

"'Bout Merle." Shane wasn't really looking at either of you as he said, "There was a problem in Atlanta."

Everyone was starting at you now. It was quiet. "He dead?" You ask.

"We're not sure." Shane said.

"He either is, or he ain't. It's a simple fuckin question, Shane." You get up into Shane's face as best as you could. You were still a lot shorter than him.

"Y/N." Lori whispered. She had, at some point without your knowledge or permission, decided you needed a mom, and that she would be that mom. She liked to scold you, and she especially hated it when you swore in front of the other kids.

"Don't even start with me right now, Lori!" You spin around, jabbing a finger in her direction.

"There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just say it." Some random guy stepped forward and came to stand in front of you and your uncle.

"Who are you?" Daryl asked.

"Rick Grimes."

"Rick Grimes." You mock in the most sarcastic voice you can muster.

"You got sumthin you wanna tell us?" Daryl crossed his arms.

"Merle was a danger to us all. So I handcuffed him to a roof onto a piece of metal. He's still there."

Who the fuck did this lone fuckin ranger think he was?

"Hold on." Daryl began to pace angrily, rubbing the sweat out of his

eyes. "You saying you handcuffed my brother to a roof?! And you left him there?!"

You glanced at Daryl and knew you'd made up your minds. You both launched yourselves at Rick Grimes at the same time. Daryl was intercepted by Shane, but your shoulder landed square into the gut of Lone Ranger, and you both went tumbling into the dirt. "You killed him, you son of a bitch!" You reared back to punch him in the face, but your fist was caught by T-Dog, and you were being hauled off Rick and onto your feet. T-Dog pinned your arms behind your back and held you tight as you struggled and spat obscenities at Rick.

"You best let me go!" Daryl yelled, trying to get out of the headlock that Shane had him in.

"No, I think it's best if I don't."

"Choke-holdin's illegal!"

"File a complaint."

Rick came over to you and said, "Now, I'd like to have a calm discussion about this." He looked at Daryl. "Think we can manage that?" You and Daryl look at each other, stop struggling, and your captors let you go. "What I did was not on a whim. Merle does work well or play well with others."

"It's not entirely Rick's fault." T-Dog said. "I had the key, and I dropped it."

"What," You snarl at him, "You couldn't pick it up?"

"I dropped it down a drain." T-Dog was still standing confidently, but he wouldn't look you in the eye.

"If that's supposed to make us feel better, it don't." Daryl said, getting up and starting to walk away. You went to follow.

"I chained the door shut so the geeks couldn't get at him." T-Dog said.

"That's got to count for something." Rick said.

"It counts for jack shit." You spat. "Now, instead of walkers, he gets to die by sunstroke and dehydration and starvation. You just killed him in a different way."

Daryl was pouting now and you caught him wiping a tear away. "To hell with all y'all!"

You storm off to where you set your bow and quiver down. You snatch the weapons up and grab Daryl's crossbow in the process. Tossing the weapon to your uncle, you say, "Tell us where he is. We'll go get him."

"He'll show you." Lori said, glaring at Rick. "Isn't that right?"

You roll your eyes. "Fuck off, Lori. I don't have time for whatever drama you wanna drag into this." You didn't like Lori.

Rick ignored your comment. "I'm going back for him."

"Good." Daryl says. "And we're going with."

"No." Rick said, looking at you. "I'm not taking the girl. You're too young."

"Fuck you, I'm fifteen!" You glared at him. "And I can easily take care of myself."

"It's my call." Daryl said. "If Merle's dead, then I'm the only family she's got left. She's my responsibility." You open your mouth to argue your case. You can tell he's about to tell you to sit this one out. "And she's goin with us."

You smirk at Lone Ranger. Rick sighed and said, "Fine. But like you said, she's your responsibility."

End
file.